DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HISSED OFF THE STAGE.

Text: "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place." Job

This allusion seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusions. Paul says: "We are made a theatre or spectacle to angels and to men." The theatre is to old that no one can fix the date of its birth. Archilochus, Simonides and Solon, who wrote for it dithyrambics, lived about six or seven hundred years before Christ. It evident from the text that some of the habis of theatre-goers were known in Job's time because he describes an actor hissed off the stage. The impersonator comes on the boards and, either through lack of study of the part he is to take or inaptness or other in-sapacity, the audience is offended and expresses its disapprobation and disgust, first by over applause, attempting by great clapping of hands to drown out what he says. That failing to stop the performer, the spectators put their tongue against their teeth and make terrific sibilation until he disappears behind the curtain. "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

My text suggests that each one of us is put on the stage of this world to take some part. McCullough, the actor, recently buried, was no more certainly appointed on any occasion to appear as Spartacus, or Edwin Forrest as King Lear, or Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies, or John Kemble as Coriolanus, or Garrick as Macbeth, or Cooke as Richard III., or Kean as Othello, than you and I are expected to take some especial and particular part in the great grama of human and immortal life. Through what hardship and suffering and discipline what hardship and suffering and discipline these artists went year after year that they might be perfected in their parts, you have often read. But we, put on the stage of this life to represent charity, and faith, and humility and helpfulness-what little preparation we have made, although we have three calleries of spectators, earth and heaven and hell. Have we not been more attentive to the part taken by others than to the part taken by ourselves, and, while we needed to be looking at home and concentring on our own duty, we have been criticising the other performers and saying "that was too high," or "too low," or "too feeble," or "too extravagant," or "too tame," or "too demonstrative," while we were making ourselves a dead failare and preparing to be ignominiously hissed off the stage. Each one is assigned a place; no supernumeraries hanging around the frama of life to take this or that or the other part as he may be called upon. No one can take our place. We can take no other place. Aye, it is not the impersonation of another; we ourselves are the real Merchant of Venice or the real Shylock, the real filial or venice or the real snylock, the real fillal fordelia or the real cruel Regan, the real fortia or the real Lady Macbeth. The tragedian of the playhouse at the close of the third scene of the fifth act takes off the attire of Gonzalo or Edward Mortimer or Honzy V and resigns the above to in which Henry V., and resigns the character in which for three hours he appeared. But we never put off our character, and no change of ap-parel can make us any one else than that

which we eternally are. Many make a failure of their part of the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellectual equipment and good address and geniality unbounded. But they have a wine closet that contains all the forces for their social and business and moral werthrow. So far back as 959, King Edgar, of England, made a law that the drinking cups should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins projecting from the ides of the modern wine cup or beer mug, and the first point at which millions stop is at the gravelly bottom of their own grave. Dr. Sax, of France, has recently discovered mething which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol, in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, pontains parasitic life called bacillus potumaniæ. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canals of life, they to into every tissue of your body and your intire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in detirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbiber of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea it is only the jubilea of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence from alcohol and teetotal abstinence, to which I would before God swear all these young men and old. D'America is a fruitful country and we raise large crops of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of drunkards. With sickle made out of the sharp edges of the broken glass, of bottle and demijohn they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole winrows of them, and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and gravevards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell. Some of you are going down under this evil, and the never-dying worm of alcoholism has wound around you one of its coils, and by next New Year's day it will have another coil around you. and it will after a while put a coil around your tongue and a coil around your brain and a coil around your lung and a coil around your foot and a coil around your heart, and some day this never dying worm will with one spring tighten all the coils at once and in the last twist of that awful convolution you will cry out, "Oh, my God!" and be gone. The greatest of dra-matists in the tragedy of the "Tempest' sends staggering across the stage Stephano, the drunken butler; but across the stage of human life strong drink sends kingly and queenly and princely natures staggering forward against the footlights of conspicuity and then staggering back into failure till the world is impatient for their disappearance and human and diabolic voices join in

Many also make a failure in the drama of life, through indolence. They are always making calculation how little they can do for the compensation they get. There are more lazy ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, artists and farmers than have ever been counted upon. The community is full of laggers and shirkers. I can tell it from the way they crawl along the street, from their tardiness in meeting engagements, from the lethargies that seem to hang to the foot when they lift it: to the hand when they put it out, to the words when they speak. young men in a store. In the morning the one goes to his post the last minute or one The other is ten minutes before the time and has his hat and coat hung up, and is at his post waiting for duty. The one is ever and anon, in the afternoon, looking at his watch, to see if it is not most time to shut up. The other stays half an hour after he might go, and when asked why, says he wanted to look over some entries he had made, to be sure he was right, or to put up some goods that had been left out of place. The one is very punctilious about doing work not exactly belonging to him. The other is glad to help the other clerks in their work. The first will be a prolonged nothing, and he will be poorer at sixty than at twenty. The other will be a merchant prince. Indolence

hissing them off the stage.

is the cause of more failures in all occupations than you have ever suspected. People are too lazy to do what they can do, and want to undertake that which they cannot do. In the drama of life they don't want to be a common soldier, carrying a halberd across the stage, or a falconer, or a mere attendant, and so lounge about the scenes till they shall be called to be a Macready, or a Murdock, or a Siddons, or a Junius Brutus Booth. They say, "Give me the part of Timon of Athens rather than that of Flavius his steward." "Let me be Cymbeline, the king, rather than Pisano, the servant.' After a while they, by some accident of prosperity or circumstances, get in the place for which they have no qualification. And very soon, if the man be a merchant, he is going around asking his creditors to compromise for ten cents on the dollar. Or if a clergyman, he is making tirades against the ingratitude of churches. Or if an attorney, by unskilful management he loses a case by which widows and orphans are robbed of their portion. Or if a physician, he by malpractice gives his patient rapid transit from this world to the next, as the clumsy surgeon of Charles II., king of Navarre, having sewed up the feeble

to be professor of anatomy in a university. He could have sold enough confection-ery to have supported his family, but he wanted to have a sugar refinery like the Havemeyers. He could have mended shoes, but he wanted to amend the Constitution of the United States. Toward the end of life these people are out of patience, out of money, out of friends, out of everything. They go to the poor-house or keep out of it by running in debt to all the grocery and drygools stores that will trust them. People begin to wonder when the curtain will drop on the scene. After a while, leaving nothing but

their compliments to pay doctor, undertaker and Gabriel Grubb, they disappear. Exeunt! Hissed off the stage.

Others fail in the drama of life through demonstrated selfishness. They make all the rivers empty into their sea, all the roads of the stages of the stage. emolument end at their door and they gather all the plumes of honor for their brow. They help no one, encourage no one, rescue no one "How big a pile of money can I get;" and "how much of the world can I absorb!" are the chief questions. They feel about the common people as the Turks feit toward the Asapi, or common soldiers, considering them of no use except to fill up the ditches with their dead bodies while the other troops walked each to the while the other troops walked over to them to take the fort. After a while this prince of worldly success is sick. The only interest society has in his illness is the offect that his possible disease may have on the money mar-kets. After a while he dies. Great newspa-

per capitals stated how he started with noth. ing and ended with everything. Although for sake of appearance some people put hand kerchiefs to the eye, there is not one genuine tear shed between Central Park and the Battery or between Brooklyn Heights and Brook lyn Hill. The heirs sit up all night while he lies in state, discussing what the old fellow has probably done with his money. It takes all the livery stables within two miles to furnish funeral equipages and all the mourning stores are kept busy in selling weeds of grief. The stone-cutters send in proposals for a monument. The minister at the obsequies reads of the resurrection, which makes the hearers fear that if the unscrupulous financier does come up in the general rising, he will try to get a corner on tomb-stones and grave-yard fences. All good men are glad that the moral nuisance has been removed. The Wall street speculators are glad because there is more room for themselves. The heirs are glad because they got possession of the long-delayed inheritance. Dropping every feather of all his plumes, every certificate of all his stock, every bond of all his investments, every delayed the lar of all his fortune, he departs, and all the rolling of dead merch in Saul and all the pageantry of his interment, and all the exquisiteness of sarcophagus, and all the ex-travagance of epitaphology cannot hide the fact that my text has come again to tremendous fulfilment; "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

at him and shall hiss him out of his place."
You see the clapping comes before the hiss.
The world cheers before it damns. So it is said the deadly asp tickles before it stings. Going up, is he? Hurrah? Stand back and let his galloping horses dash by, a whirlwind of plated harness and tinkling head gear and arched neck. Drink deep of his Madeira and cognac. Boast of how well you know him. All hats off as he passes. Bask for days and years in the sunjight of his prosperity. Going down, is he? passes. Bask for days and years in the sun-light of his prosperity. Going down, is he? Pretend to be near-sighted so that you cannot see him as he walks past. When men ask you if you know him, halt and hesitate as you if you know him, halt and hesitate as though you were trying to callup a dim memory and say: "Well, y-o-s, yes; I believe I once did know him, but have not seen him for a long while." Cross a different ferry from the one where you used to meet him lest he ask for financial help. When you started life he spoke a good word for you at the bank. Talk down his credit now that his fortupes are collapsing. He put his name or fortunes are collapsing. He put his name on two of your notes; tell him that you have changed your mind about such things and that you never indorse. After a while his matters come to a dead halt and an assisgnment or suspension or sheriff's sale takes place. You say: "He ought to have stopped sooner. Just as I expected. He made too big a splash in the world. Glad the balloon has burst. Ha ha!" Applause when he went up, sibilant derision when he came down. Men shall clap their hands at him and hiss him out of his place." So, high up amid the crags the eagle flutters dust into the eyes of the roebuck, and then with eyes blinded it goes tumbling over the precipi

antlers crashing on the rocks. Now, compare some of these goings out of life with the departure of men and women who in the drama of life, take the part that God assigned them and then went away honored of men and applauded of the Lord Almighty. It is about fifty years ago that in a comparatively small apartment of the city a newly married pair set up a home. The first guest invited to that residence was the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible given the bride on the day of her espousals was the guide of that household. Days of sunshine were followed by days of shadow. Did you ever know a home that for fifty years had no vicissitude? The young woman who left her father's house for her young husband's home started out with a parental benediction and good advice she will never forget. Her mother said to her the day before the marriage: "Now, my child, you are going away from us. course as long as your father and I live you will feel that you can come to us at any time. But your home will be elsewhere. From long experience I find it is best to serve God. It is very bright with you now, my child, and you may think you can get along without religion, but the day will come when you will want God, and my advice is, estabyou will want God, and my advice is, establish a family altar and, if need be, conduct the worship yourselt." The counsel was taken, and that young wife consecrated every room in the house to God.

Years passed on and there were in that

home hilarities, but they were good and healthful; and sorrows, but they were com-forted. Marriages as bright as orange-blossoms could make them, and burials in which all hearts were riven. They have a family lot in the cemetery, but all the place is illu-minated with stories of resurrection and reunion. The children of the household that lived have grown up and they are all Christians, the father and mother leading the way and the children following. the mother took of wardrobe and education, character and manners! How hard she sometimes worked! When the head of the household was unfortunate in business she sewed until her fingers were numb and bleeding at the tips. And what close calculation of economies and what ingenuity in refitting the garments of the elder children for the younger, and only God kept account of that mother's sideaches and headaches and heartaches and the tremulous prayers by the side of the sick child's cradle and by the couch of this one fully grown. The neighbors often quaintances hardly knew her in the street. But without complaint noticed how tired she looked, and old ac-But without complaint she waited and toiled and endured and acomplished all these years. The children are out in the world—an honor to themselves and their parents. After awhile the mother's last sickness comes. Children and grand-children, summoned from afar, come softly into the room one by one, for she i too weak to see more than one at a time. She runs her dying fingers lovingly through their hair and tells them not to cry, and that she is going now, but that they will all meet again in a little while in a better world, and then kisses, them good-bye, and says "God bless and keep you, my dear child? The day of the obsequies comes, and the officiating clergyman tells the story of wifely and motherly enduranco.

could," while overpowering all the voices of earth and heaven is the plaudit of the God who watched her from first to last, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."
But what became of the father of that household? He started as a young man in business and had a small income, and having got a little ahead, sickness in the family swept it all away. He went through all the business panics of forty years, met many losses and suffered many betrayals, but kept right on trusting in God, whether business was good or poor, setting his children a good example and giving them the best of counsel and never a prayer did he offer for all those years but they were mentioned in it. He is old now and realizes it cannot be long before he must quit all these scenes. But he is going to leave his children an inheritance of prayer and Christian principles which all the defalcations of earth can never touch, and as he goes out of the world, the church of God blesses him and the poor ring his door belt to see if he is any better, and his grave is surrounded by a multitude who went on foot and stood there before the procession of carriages came up,

and many hearts on earth and in heaven

echo the sentiment, and as she is carried of

the stage of this mortal life, there are cries of

"faith unto death; she hath done what she

amphitheatres, and the Drury Lanes, and the Covent Gardens and the Haymarkets and the colosseums of earthly spectacle were tame and feeble compared with the long, loud thunders of approval that shall break from the cloud of witnesses in the piled-up gallery of the heavens. Choose ye between the life that shall close by being hissed off the stage and the life that shall close amid the acclam mations supernal and archangelic.

Oh, men and women on the stage of life, many of you in the first act of the drama and others in the second and some of you in the third and a few in the fourth and here and there one in the fifth, but all of you between entrance and exit, I quote to you as the peroration of this sermon the most suggestive passage that Shakespeare ever wrote, although you never heard it recited. The author has often been claimed as infidel and atheistic, so the quotation shall be not only religiously helpful to ourselves, but grandly vindicatory of the great dramatist. I quote

from his last will and testament: 'In the name of God, amen. I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect halth and memory (God be praised), do make this my last will and testament, in manner and form following: First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the columnity of Jasus Christ, my Savian to only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to

"Then follow the bequests and the signa-ture, by me, William Shakespere. Witnesses to the publishing hereof, F. Collyns, Jesse Shaw, John Robinson, Hammet Sadler, Robert Whattcott," Fit and beautiful closing of the drama of this life by the great drama-

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

The Best Drink.

Water, water everywhere! It is the gift of God, Sailing in the cloudy air, Bathing the dewy sod, Reflecting in the placid stream The moonbeam's silver sheen Ideal of the poet's dream, Home of the Great Unseen,

Water, water everywhere! 'Mid rocky solitude, Laving the fields of earth so fair In richest plenitude; Forming the rock, feeding the plant The life of bird and beast; And ministering to human want The greatest and the least.

Water, water everywhere! The beverage of Heaven; Relieving ill and soothing care By Heavenly Father given.
Perennial is the mountain spring;
Eternal rivers flow,
And all celestial blessings bring, And wipe out every woe.

Water, water everywhere! Health-giving, pure and free; Naught else can once with it compare-All things with it agree. Drink here alone, and drink your fill; It only is the source of health, The power of brain, and mind, and will The spring of surest wealth.

-Youth's Temperance Banner

Tempt Not the Weak.

"James Dunton, arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Fined five dollars. In default of payment sent to jail for thirty days."

This item in the morning papers met my eye, and I read it again, for the name seemed familiar. Could it be possible that this was my old schoolmate? And my mind turned back to the time when James stood among the brightest of his class. True, he was a little wild, and soon after he left school he commenced drinking, and would occasionally become intoxicated. Then he joined a temperance organization, and seemed thought him safe from all further temp-

Such was the condition of things when I moved to a distant city in the far West. I had been absent for ten years, and was now on a visit to the old home. I had heard nothing of James Dunton during my absence, and supposed him still working in the temperance ranks.

Could it be possible that this was the same man? On inquiry, I found it to be true. James Dunton had become a victim of intemperance, after abstaining for three years. He had not simply gone back to his old way, but had fallen far lower, until the chances of his ever reforming seemed almost hopeless. I called on him, and learned the story of his fall: "I had tasted no kind of liquor for

more than three years, and had conquered the old habit so far that it had little or no temptation for me. One evening I attended a party celebrating the birthday of a lady friend. Wine and other liquors were used quite freely. I had twice refused to drink, when the hostess approached and offered me a glass of wine. I begged her to excuse me from accepting it, but she answered

somewhat petulantly: "I should think you might drink once with me in honor of this occasion.' "As I said something about the prin-

ciple involved, and the possibility of a single glass leading to a further indulgence, she retorted rather sneeringly:

"'Oh! I beg your pardon. I had supposed that Mr. Dunton was man enough to drink a harmless glass of wine without fear of becoming a drunkard.'

"This stab at my pride, in the presence of others who had no scruples about taking an occasional glass, had its effect, and with some light remark in reference to the excuse I had been making, I took the wine and quickly drank it. This led to another, and then another, for I wished to show the lady that I had sufficient manhood to drink several glasses of wine if I chose. The result was, I was carried home beastly drunk. After that night all the old cravings came back ten-fold. I tried to fight against it, but it seemed of no use. My courage all forsook me, and I became reckless. In my false attempt to sustain my manhood I had lost all. I feel now that my fate is fixed and there is no help for it. The sooner that the end comes the better for all concerned."

I tried to encourage him to hope for

better things, but he would not listen. As I went away I thought of the wonderful influence of woman, and how sad that it should ever be put to such bad use-that it should be used to lead men downward, when it might do so much toward lifting them up. The loss of manhood through life, and of soul through eternity, are too weighty matters to be trifled away .- C. L. Hill.

mable material and having no knife to cut the thread, took a candle to burn off the thread and the bandages took fire and consumed the king. Our incompetent friend would have made a splendid horse doctor, but he wanted

Anaconda, Montana, is one of the wont to condole with you, judge."

In the consumption of its celevant of the house, clothes on the children and the house, clothes on the children and the bandages took fire and consumed the house, clothes on the children and the bandages took fire and consumed the house, clothes on the children and the body, intelligence in the body i

Glad in the sun-hine, All things lift their voices To the Giver of good; And the whole world rejoicts Because of the love Of the Father above.

Thanksgiving.

Who knows His forgiveness Will evermore render A tribute of praise; For His love is so tender That words fail to show

What our grateful hearts know. Then let all His children Rejoice without measure; The great love of God Is our solace and treasure: Since He holds us dear,

What is there to fear ?

RELIGIOUS READING.

A Pertinent Question.

A poor child, straying into a Sunday school one day, asked simply: "Is this the way to heaven?" The superintendent was for a moment startled. Was the school, indeed, the way to heaven? Was he trying to make it so? Were his teachers intent on the same object? The artless question struck home. From desk to class the question went round with a thrill. What were they all doing? Whither were they all tending? The question was like an angel suddenly come into their midst to make a record of all that transpired in that school. Oh, superintendents, teachers, make sure of this one thing: with all your efforts to impart knowledge, make the salvation of the soul of paramount interest; whether your school be a model or struggling up to perfection, be sure that every scholar shall feel that it is the road to heaven.

Poverty and Poor Preaching. The calamity which I stand in dread of, and which is next to the withdrawal of the divine blessing, the greatest a church can suffer, is that the rising talent, genius and energy of our country may leave the ministry of the gospel for other professions. "A scandalous maintenance," Matthew Henry says, "makes a scandalous min-And I will give you another equally true. "The poverty of the parsonage will develop itself in the poverty of the pulpit." I have no doubt about it. Genteel poverty, to which some ministers are doomed, is one of the great evils under the sun. To place a man in circumstances where he is expected to be generous and hospitable, to open his hand as wide as his heart to the poor, to give his family good education, to bring | the thought and work of an individual. them up in what is called genteel life, and to deny him the means of doing so is enough, but for the hope of heaven,

to embitter existence. In the dread of debt, in many daily mortifications, in harassing fears what will become of his wife and children when his head lies in the grave, a man of cultivated mind and delicate sensibilities has trials to bear more painful than privations of the It is a bitter cup, and my at their vitals .- Dr. Thomas Guthrie.

Adorning the Gospel.

Speaking on the words in Titus 2:10, "That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren says: "Let us think for a moment of this wonderful possibility that is opened out here paint the lily and gild the refined followers. It would not be a fair thing to test a philosophy or a body of political or scientific truth by the conduct and character of the men that professed it; but it is a perfectly fair thing, under certain conditions and in certain limits, to test a system of practical morality, which professes to do certain things with people's character and conduct, by its professors. North but the utter change that has It is just as fair, when a creed comes before our notice which assumes to part of the Union. influence men's conduct, to say; 'Well! I should like to see it working,' as it | ures of Old Age" was delightful, and is for any of you mill-owners to say, certainly went far to prove, as she said, invention upon paper: 'Have you got a working model of it? Has it ever the remarks made by Miss barrier to success had she been a man, been tried? What have been the re- Anthony, who referred to the length of sults that have been secured by it? time they had worked together since then it perhaps would not have acquired Or as it would be to say to anybody that claimed to have got a 'medicine that will cure consumption,' to say, 'Have you any case? Can you quote any cures?' So, when we Christians later days, one at seventy, the other at journeys in Pullman palace cars, with stand up and say, 'We have a faith sixty-five, in collecting materials and expensive hotels and hotel fare at the which is able to deaden men's minds writing their history of the reform termination, but hard night and day to the world; which is able to make movements of this century. them unselfish; which is able to lift them up above cares and sorrows: which is able to take men and transform their whole nature, and put new desires and hopes and joys into them'; it is quite fair for the world to say, 'Have you? Does it? Does it do so with you? Can you produce your lives as working models of Christianity? Can you produce your cure as a proof of the curative power of the gospel that you profess?' So this possibility does lie before all Christian had a manuscript in her hand from men, that they may by their lives which she read, but having a strong na- their courage, their martyr-like spirit, conciliate prejudices, prepare people tive gift as an orator, she frequently di- their constancy, their unselfish devotion, to listen favorably to the message of verged from the paper. In the course God's love, win over men from their of her remarks she came to some allusion tial benefits they have been largely the antagonism, and make them say: Well, after all, there is something in | lecture she said: that Christianity."

When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as would be Moses.' pray for it; the form of your prayer should be the rule of your life; every have often suspected that Moses was a petition to God is a precept to man. Beecher." Look not, therefore, upon your prayers as a short method of duty and salva- over and asked, "Mrs. Stanton, when tion only, but as a perpetual monition you go to heaven do you want to see of duty. By what we require of God we see what he requires of us .- Jer-

Temperance Notes.

The Paris wine merchants are petitioning to have the municiple laboratory abolished, as by publishing the characis ruining their business.

WOMEN OF MARK.

Brought to Mind by the Celebration of Elizabeth Calv Stanton's Seventieth Birthday.

Jennie June Tells of Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Lillie Devereux Blake, Etc. [Special New York Letter.]

It was a remarkable gathering that signalized the recent seventieth birthday of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the parlors of Dr. Clarence Lozier. It is not so many years since the still beautiful but now white-haired woman was, with nearly half a century—the target for jibes and sneers; the butt of all small-brained paragraphists when nothing else offered upon which to sharpen their wits. But times have changed—the world certainly moves. Mrs. Stanton has not altered, than formerly, though still retaining all her clearness of brain, all the force, apparently, of her trained intellect. Miss Anthony, also, remains strong, true to her convictions, loyal, devoted, faithful as ever-but the world views them with different eyes. It forgets they were ever "course" and "masculine," had "loud" voices, and carried "big cotton umbrellas." It showers upon them good fortune, and praises in old age the beauty and nobility of character it denied they possessed twenty or thirty years ago.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The occasion was a strong reminder of a similar one that took place years ago on the occasion of the sixtieth birthday of have had their separate interests, enter-Horace Greeley. But national and world- prises and ambitions-Mrs. Stanton wide, indeed, as had been Horace Gree- naturally expending more of her energies ley's services to humanity, it was not by and the results of her work in her home any public or spontaneous outburst that life, Miss Anthony devoting herself alhis natal day was celebrated. It was most unreservedly to the cause she had and there were greetings and responses and the memory of that benignant, childlike face, radiant with happiness, can never be forgotten, still it was as nothing in its significance compared with the outburst of affection and greeting which came from every part of the country and every quarter of the globe and made a halo for the wnite head of Elizabeth Cady Stanton on her seventieth birthday. The "celebration" seems to have be-

gun with Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Har-bert, who devoted the November numheart bleeds for brethren who have ber of her New Era to tributes in prose never told their sorrows, concealing and verse, and it was echoed by clubs so deeply in earnest that I had really under their cloak the fox that gnaws and suffrage societies all over the country, while the crowning fete in New York was signalized by the presence of Queen Elizabeth herself, and the reading of a special paper prepared for the occasion, "The Pleasures of Old Age." Royalty itself-her of the ruff, I mean it she lost not only her own money, but -might have been proud of the letters | that which had been loaned by her brother and cables from the old world, the letters and telegrams and gifts from the till it became a forlorn hope, and then new. The flowers, the books, the pic- she relinquished it into hands which she before every Christian, that he may tures, the silver, the mosaics, the Cali- believed stronger than her own. For add beauty to the gospel. He may fornia blankets-even bank checks, the next few years she worked and which, as the recipient remarked, were gold. For men do quite rightly and as welcome to old ladies of spendthrift incurred for the paper, and never rested tion, but she has written also excellent legitimately judge of systems by their tendencies as to the young. Tributes in till she had earned the money and dis- books like her "Duties of Women," one prose and verse were plentiful enough to | charged herself of all obligation. Miss of the noblest text books to put into the fill volumes; but the one that pleased | Anthony was born at South Adams on | hands of young girls that ever was writme best came in a letter from a married

daughter living in England. Among the hundreds of clubs and societies that specially celebrated the event was the New Orleans Woman's Club-a significant fact, as showing not only the cordiality that exists between the women of the South and the women of the taken place in public sentiment in every

Mrs. Stanton's resume of the "Pleasslavery convention, which met at Mrs. co-laborers, and were spending their

her bright, ready speeches, told the fol- meal here and there, as time and the con-

lowing anecdotes: "Mrs. Stanton is better known for her ability than for her ready wit. A smile has earned her rest, and she takes it in seems to be lurking always in the cor- the home which Mrs. Stanton succeeded ners of her mouth, and a merry retort is in earning for herself in Tenafly, N. J., ever on her lips. I remember one such in the midst of her friend's family, of instance which occurred at the earliest convention at which I was present. It belonged to it by blood. Here they was at Newport in the summer of 1869. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker made her first public speech on that occasion. She individual opinion in regard to their

"I have always thought that when I passed to a better world the person I members of my own immediate family,

to Moses, when looking up from her

Mrs. Stanton whispered sotto voce, "I A gentleman on the platform leaned

Moses?" "No," she replied promptly, "I want

to see Lot's wife " The distinguished lady ones enjoyed a

joke at the expense of one of the leading judges of the State. He had opposed the married woman's property rights because he declared if a wife held a separate estate it would lead to quarrels in the family and direful were the pictures ter and amount of their adulterations it he drew of the divorces and miseries which would follow such a law.

Despite these lugubrious vaticinations Temperance puts coal on the fire, meal the bill was passed and not long after The unexpected report comes from in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in Mrs. Stanton met the judge. She ex-London that so many members of the fa- the purse, credit in the country, content- tended her hand with a sad and mournful countenance, saying: "Permit me

The judge, a most devoted husband,

turned heard?" "Nothing," replied Mrs. Stanton se-

now a separate estate and you predicted such unhappiness as the result of this law, I presumed you were now on the eve of divorce."

The judge joined heartily in the laugh at his own expense.

Mrs. Stanton and Horace Greeley were lifelong friends until the Constitutional convention of 1868. Mr. Greeley in that body opposed an amendment to the constitution striking out the word "male" as a qualification for voters, which was sustained by George William Susan B. Anthony-her colleague for Curtis, Charles J. Folger and many others. Just after a somewhat violent speech by Mr. Greelev against the measure Mrs. Stanton caused to be presented a memorial praying for its passage headed by the name of Mrs. Horace Greeley. The great philosopher was furious, and except to grow older and less active in revenge decreed that her name should never again appear in the Tribune except as "Mrs. Henry B. Stanton."

Mrs. Stanton was boin in 1815 in Johnstown, N. Y. She was the daughter of Judge Daniel Cady and Margaret Livingston, his wife. She was educated in a class of boys at the Johnstown academy, and afterward at Miss Willard's seminary in Troy, N. Y. Her own experience turned her attention to the difficulties and disabilities of women and aroused her strong indignation. Had she been a boy her father would have trained her with the greatest care for the legal profession. As it was she was turned loose amidst Coke and Blackstone in her father's office, but her mental activity, her independent lines of thought and really splendid forensic faculties, aided by a fund of ready wit, were more subjects for joking by her father than for laying the foundation of future eminence, although he was very proud of his clever daughter. In 1840 she married Henry B. Stanton, and went with him to London to attend the World's Anti-Slavery convention held in that city. Subsequently they settled in Seneca Falls, and it was from that point that the call for the first suffrage convention was issued, bringing together three women destined to exert an important influence upon the succeeding years and their events-Mrs. Stanton, Lucretia Mott and Miss Anthony.

Since that time the lives of the two have been wrought in together, although they

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

The Revolution was Miss Anthony's enterprise, and in the attempt to sustain and friends. She bravely maintained it labored incessantly to pay off the debts teacher. Her features are regular, her pers. Her intellect is strong and versathe suffrage movement, but was previously and always distinguished for zeal in the temperance and other questions. She is not a writer and dislikes to have would have been her conscience, but 1850, when they met at the first anti- its development under masculine education and training. Her public life and Stanton's residence in Seneca Falls. N. that of Mrs. Stanton has been one of copy. Y. Since then they had been ardent speeches and resolutions, conventions and flying travel. Not luxurious traveling by the cheapest modes and at Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, in one of the least expense, snatching a hasty

tents of a slender purse permitted. All this is changed now. which she is as much a part as if she write the history they have helped so much to make, and whatever may be the work, credit has at least been given to their true womanliness and the substanmeans of conferring upon their own sex, so that Mrs. Stanton's daughter may well say that one woman, at least, is glad to acknowledge that her life has should most wish to see, of course after been made better because those two women have lived.



the troubles between yourself and your Yet, as one of the group of famous wife." share in the right to individual life, libpale and asked agitatedly. erty and the pursuit of happiness, with-What do you mean? What have you out in the least forfeiting or sacrificing that refinement and delicacy of womanhood which was her distinguishing fearenely, the merry smile no doubt twitching on her lips. "But as your wife has have a place. Who that ever saw that sweet, saintly face could forget? Who that ever heard the tones of that persuasive voice could fail to be moved by them?



LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, as the President of the New York State Wo-

man's Suffrage association, presided on the occasion of Mrs. Stanton's birthday celebration. Mrs. Blake is one of the youngest of the suffrage leaders, having been born in Raleigh, N. C., in 1835. Her father, George Devereux, was a Southern gentlemen of Irish descent, her mother a Johnson, of Stratford, Conn., a direct descendant of William Samuel Johnson, one of the first two Senators from that State. Both her parents were descendants of Jonathan Edwards. Mrs. Blake was a much admired beauty and belle in her young days, and displayed also much literary ability. She has been twice married, the first time to Mr. Frank Umstead, a lawyer, in 1855, who died in 1859; the second time to Mr. Grenfill Blake, in 1866. Her principal work previous to 1870 was done for Harper's Magazine, the Ecening Post, the Philadelphia Press and other journals. She published also several successful novels and was and is a correspondent to some leading journals still. Since, 1870, however, her efforts have been largely directed toward the enfranchisement of women, and it was owing mainly to her efforts that the bill was passed in New York State conferring the right of school suffrage upon women. Mrs. Blake still retains a youthful and attractive appearance, she dresses with taste and is an energetic and untiring worker. Her home in New York is a pleasant and hospitable one, and she has two handsome and accomplished daughters, both grown to womanhood, one of whom is married and now known as Mrs. Beverly Johnson, the other occupying the po-sition of vice-principal in one of the large public schools.



Frances Power Cobbe is a strong figure in this day and generation, with a face and form not unlike our own Elizabeth Peabody, but possessed of astonishing versatility and power. Her "hobby" is, and has been for years past, vivisec-February 15, 1820. She is of Quaker ten, and she still lectures and writes parentage, and was for fifteen years a constantly for magazines and newspaface of a fine, strong type, which has tile and her life too serious to admit of lost the "rugged" and somewhat an- the wasting of time, but she is a tagonistic expression, quite foreign to thorough lady, very gentle and courteous her nature which it formerly bore, for in manner, with a serene face on which she is one of the most tolerant, most for- the sunset calmness has fallen, for she giving of mortals, severe only to herself. | was born in Dublin in 1822, and the re-Since 1852 she has been associated with ligious doubts which agitated her younger days long ago gave place to abiding trust in the dictates of her conscience and the goodness which controls the world. Some of her works have when a man comes to you with a fine that "at fifty, not fifteen, began the to use her pen, but she is a natural orator been "Intuitive Morals," "Broken Lights," and she also edited Theodora Parker's works. She has been a steadfast worker also all along the line of modern progress, and with her letter of congratulation to Mrs. Stanton sent a photograph of which the picture is a



FRANCES WRIGHT.

Frances Wright hardly belongs to this group. She died in 1852, before the work in which the women here spoken of have been engaged had fairly begun. But it would be difficult to measure the influence she exerted in bringing about the general approval by her independence of thought, her unselfish life, her sacrifice of means and position to the spirit of her liberator, which burned like fire in her bosom. She was born in Dundee in 1795; her father was the friend of many distinguished political economists and reformers, and it was from him that she obtained that largeness of view-that enthusiasm for humanity which was the aspiration of her future career. But she lived too soon. She spent her fortune and died before any of her efforts had ripened into fruition. But she was courageous and sincere, a martyr to her faith and convictions, and deserves a high place among women reformers.